NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD

By Ben Ames Williams.

THIS is, in all essentials, a true story. It came through an old friend from the southwest, a newspaper man, who telephoned an invitation to lunch the other day. He says he remembers, as a boy, seeing the whole population of his home town embark on horseback, in wagons and afoot to go to the hanging. That was in 1881; but it was not till twenty years afterward that he heard from one Chris O'Neill the true inwardness of that hanging, as he told it to me over our coffee. The thing happened in a little frontier town in the cow country, and since swift justice and a ready rope were characteristics of the time and the place, it occasioned only passing comment in that day. Nevertheless, the tale may well bear preserving.

I cannot hope to reproduce my friend's words, nor the atmosphere of those reckless times, so long dead, which he brought back to life for me. Nevertheless, here is the substance of the story that he told.

* * * *

THERE were two cowboys in the O K O outfit, otherwise called the Hourglass; and these two men were pardners. This, I was given to understand, is a very different thing from being partners. In France, a year or two ago, they would have called themselves "buddies." The relationship is the same, though it appears under another name. The two men were named Jack Mills and Bud Loupel. If you hired one, you hired both. If one was fired, the other quit. If you licked one, the other licked you; and if one became involved in a shooting affray, the other was apt to be somewhere in the background with a gun in his hand and an eye out for possible sharp practice by allies of the party of the second part. The foreman, his generation, assigned the two to his generation, asigned the two to tasks at which they could work together; and they stayed with that outfit for a length of time that was considered extraordinary in those tempestuous days. That is to say, they labored in the vineyard for the O K O for a matter of a year and a half. At the end of that time Jack Mills was twenty-one and Bud Loupel was twenty-two.

As they did their work jointly, so they took their pleasures together; and it came to pass on a certain day that they rode away to town with full pockets and lively plans for the evenings immediately before them. Jack Mills, always the gayer spirit of the two, pulled his gun at the edge of town and perforated the blue sky above him. At the same time he emitted certain shrill sounds and spurred his horse to the gallop. Bud was more given to a certain sobriety and decorum; he did not shoot and he did not yell. But his horse kept close beside the other's. They swung into the wide and dusty main street with hats flapping, horses racing like jack rabbits, holsters pounding against their thighs. They swept up the street together, saw the same vision at the same instant, and jerked their horses to a sliding, tail-grinding stop with a single movement of their bridle hands.

The vision's name was Jeanie Ross. She was the daughter of Old Man Ross, the storekeeper, and she had just come home from the east. The rattle of the shots had brought her to the door of the store, and she stood there when the two cowboys discovered her. She looked at them; they stared at her. Then Jack Mills swung boldly to the ground and walked toward her, grinning in his pleasantly likable way. He swept his wide hat low, and he said: "Ma'am, I'm Jack Mills of the Hourglass."

* * * *

THE girl, though she had lived long in the east, was a daughter of the west. She was amused and not displeased, for Jack was easy enough to look at. She smiled, and this emboldened Bud Loupel, who was always conservative, to imitate his pardner's example. He, too, dismounted and stepped forward, and Jack Mills bowed again to the girl and told her: "Furthermore, ma'am, this here is my bashful friend, Bud Loupel. The cat has got his tongue, but he's a nice little fellow. Now you know everybody worth knowing."

Jeanie Ross, still very much amused, asked: "Who were you shooting at?"

"At the man in the moon," said Jack Mills. "But I missed him a mile."

She laughed and said she was glad of that. "I'd hate not to be able to see him up there once in a while," she told Jack.

"Just to prove he ain't hurt," he assured her, "I'll ride in and point him out to you when the signs is right."

She shook her head, looking from one man to the other, withdrawing a little into the doorway. Jack marked, even then, that her eyes rested longest on Bud Loupel. "I've studied astronomy my own self," she said, and while he was still crushed by that she backed into the store and disappeared.

The two mounted in silence and continued more demurely down the street. In front of Brady's they hitched their horses, tramped dustily inside, and touched elbows at the bar. The first drink was taken without speech, the second followed it.

After a while Bud Loupel said: "Jack!"

"Huh?"

"Me, you know what I aim to do?"

Mills grinned. "I don't know, but I'm waiting."

"I aim," said Bud Loupel, "to quit the range and get me a job in this here little old town."

Jack Mills banged his open hand upon the bar. "Bud, she sure is that and more," he cried. "Just make it the same for me."

* * * *

THEY had ridden into town, as has been said, with full pockets. They had expected to ride out again in a day or two with empty ones. But the encounter with Jeanie Ross and their subsequent abrupt decision made all the difference in the world. The procedure of each one, in the circumstances, was characteristic. Bud Loupel crossed the street to the bank and opened an account, depositing his money. Jack Mills went into Brady's back room, where there was a bank of another kind, and set to work to double his.

The bank Bud patronized was owned by Sam Rand, who was also cashier, president, and board of directors. There had been, till some three days before, a teller, but Rand had let him go. Bud found the banker, as a consequence, up to his eyes in unaccustomed work. Rand knew Loupel, knew that the cowboy had a certain aptitude for figures. When Bud, in the casual talk that followed his deposit, mentioned the fact that he was hunting for a town job, Rand hired him on the spot.

An hour or so later Bud went back to Brady's to tell Jack of his good fortune, and Mills rolled a cigarette and said, cheerfully: "Then you're fixed to lend me five dollars."

"As quick as this!" Bud asked. "You must have picked 'em mighty scant."

"I didn't pick them," Jack told him. "They picked me."

They went out together and sought a restaurant and food. By supper time Jack had a job in the blacksmith shop. He was as good with horses as Bud was with figures. That evening they hired a room, and Bud wrote a note to the Hourglass foreman, telling him not to expect them back again. Then they settled down to live the life of sober and substantial citizens. Object, matrimony.

Now, this is not a story of how a woman came between two men and turned good friends into enemies. Jeanie Ross did nothing of the kind. It is a fact that they both loved her, and that they both wooed her, but it is also a fact that they continued to be pardners just the same. And it is furthermore true that when Jeanie made up her mind between them, Jack was the first one she told.

She told him she was going to marry Bud. And Jack rolled a cigarette with both hands, slowly and with care; he fashioned it neatly, and twisted the ends and lighted it before twisted the ends and lighter it before he spoke at all.

"Said so to him?" he asked then.

Jeanie shook her head. "No. I wanted you to know first, because I want you and Bud to keep on being friends. I like you, Jack. But you're—flighty. Bud's steady. You're more amusing sometimes, but he's more reliable. I couldn't ever really count on you. I can count on Bud, Jack. But you will go on being friends with him, won't you? That's why I'm telling you."

"He's steady, he's reliable, and you can count on him," Jack repeated, ticking the points off upon his fingers. "Now, is there maybe any other little thing besides?"

"Yes," said Jeanie, softly. "Yes. I love him, Jack."

He flicked his cigarette away. "Keno!" he exclaimed. "And Bud's a good scout, too. I don't reckon you'll ever need to be sorry at all." He picked up his hat and started away.

"Where are you going?" she asked, But that the possibility should occur to her is some measure of the man's standing in the town.

One day, about seven years after Bud and Jeanie were married, Bud sought out Jack Mills and asked him to get his horse and come for a ride. "Want to tell you something, Jack," he explained.

Mills saw the trouble and distress in the other's eyes, so he saddled up, and they trotted out of town. When the last building was well behind them, Jack asked mildly: "What's on your mind, Bud?"

Bud Loupel, with some hesitation, said: "I'm in trouble."

"Yeah! I judged so," Mills told him. "Well, what brand?"

"I've been putting money in the market at Wichita," Loupel said. "I've had rotten luck. It's gone."

Jack nodded. "I got three-four hundred in the bank," he suggested. "Take that."

"It's not enough."

"Maybe I could look around and raise five hundred more."

"It wouldn't do a bit of good."

Mills produced tobacco and papers and rolled a slow cigarette while their horses jogged along. At last: "How much?" he asked.

"Forty-four hundred."

"You've saved a right smart, ain't you?"

"It's the bank's," Loupel confessed, and Jack puffed deeply and expelled the smoke in a cloud and remarked:

"Well, at a guess, I'd say you were a damned fool."

"I know it."

Their horses plodded on, and the dust cloud rose and hovered in the air behind them. For a space neither man spoke at all. Then Loupel bitterly exclaimed: "I'm not whining for my own sake, Jack. If it was me, I'd hop out. I'd take a chance. But Jeanie——"

"Sure," Jack Mills mildly agreed. "Sure."

"Damn it, Jack, Jeanie's proud of me. She's proud of me."

"Yeah!"

"I can't bear to think of her knowing. It would just about bust her."

Mills drawled: "Your sentiments does you credit, Bud."

There was a cold and scornful anger in his tone that kept the other for the moment silent. They rode on, side by side, and Loupel, covertly watching the younger man, waited for him to speak. Mills finished his cigarette, eyes straight before him, face unchanging. Then he flicked the butt away and turned in his saddle and looked at his pardner.

"What's Rand say?" he asked.

"He's been away. Due back tomorrow afternoon. He'll spot it in a minute."

Mills whistled for a moment, between his teeth, a gallant little tune; then he nodded, as though in decision, and he asked: "All right, Bud. What's your idea?"

While they rode on at the trot toward the low hills south of the town Bud Loupel outlined his idea; and when they turned back again at sunset Jack had agreed to do what the other asked of him.

* * * *

AT 10 o'clock next morning the town lay still and shimmering in the blistering sun of a summer day. There were one or two men in Brady's, and here and there along Main street other figures lounged in the shade. Jack Mills rode in from the south on a strange horse, wearing new overalls and an indistinguishable hat. There was a red bandanna loosely knotted about his neck. He encountered no one within recognizing distance. In front of the bank he dropped off, hitched the horse lifted the handkerchief so that it hid his mouth and nose, and stepped into the building. Two or three people at some distance saw him go in and idly wondered who the stranger was.

He had hoped to find Loupel alone in the bank, but Jim Paine was there. Paine had just cashed a check and stood with his back toward the door, talking to Bud. When Bud saw the masked man he turned pale, and Jim marked the change in his countenance and whirled around. But Jack's gun was leveled, so Bud and Jim Paine reached for the ceiling.

Mills, with some attempt to disguise his voice, said harshly to Bud: "Paper money. All of it. Quick."

Loupel, hands still in the air, started toward the safe. Jack looked that way and saw that the safe door was open. He changed his mind.

"Wait," he commanded. With a gesture he bade Paine face the wall. Then he leaped the counter, motioned Loupel aside, and himself approached the safe. Paine, watching sidewise, saw the masked man drag out half a dozen packets of bills and stuff them into the front of his shirt. Mills did this with his left hand; his right held the gun, and his eyes covered Paine and Loupel almost constantly. Loupel, backed into a corner, watched in silence.

When Mills had taken what he came for, he rose and turned toward the counter again. At that instant a gun roared behind him, and something tugged at his shirt, under the left arm. He whirled, saw Rand standing in the back door of the bank building. Rand's gun was going. Jack fanned his hammer twice and the banker fell.

Paine had not moved. Mills swung, half crouching, toward Loupel. Loupel had double-crossed him. That was the thought that tightened his finger on the trigger. But—Jeanie! That was the thought which made his trigger finger relax. He slid across the counter, made the door in one jump. Five seconds after his shot, his horse was galloping out of town. And as he passed the last house a rifle spoke, somewhere behind him.

* * * *

HALF a mile from town he looked back and saw three or four horsemen just emerging from Main street. On their heels others appeared. He laughed a grim little laugh, and slid forward in his stirrups to help his horse to greater speed. But when he reached the hills, some half dozen miles south of town, they were close behind him, and their rifles were reaching out for him. He knew a certain cave, a narrow, shallow cover. Poor refuge, but better than none.

In this cave they brought him to bay. He lay prone behind the bowlder that screened and half closed the entrance, and watched them draw off and circle to inclose him. "Got a little while," he said to himself. "Fireworks won't start right away."

Satisfied of this, he rolled a little on his side and drew from the front of his shirt the packages he had taken from the safe. Strictly in line with Bud Loupel's well laid plan, these were simply dummy packets of waste paper, with a genuine bill on the outside of each bundle. Mills laid them on the ground and studied them thoughtfully, considering their significance.

His situation was sufficiently desperate. Rand was dead. He had no doubt of that, and he regretted it. He had always liked Rand, but there had been no choice at the moment. The question was, what next? These fake bundles of money had their place in the scheme of things. If he kept them, told the true story, they might well save his life. Frontier justice was swift, but it was also tempered by considerations not accepted under a more rigid system of law. If he proved Bud Loupel's part in this, Bud would be damned, and he might himself be saved. And the dummy bundles would prove Bud's guilty foreknowlege of the robbery.

A rifle bullet spattered on the rock above him, and he postponed decision. "Needs thinking over," he told himself. "We'll see what we will see."

They held him in siege all that afternoon, and toward sunset brought a barrel of kerosene from town. Men climbed the hill above the cave, where his bullets could not reach them, and poured this oil so that it ran down into a pool just in front of his retreat. Then they set fire to it. He saw at once that he could not endure the smoke and gas, and after some preparations shouted his surrender.

They bade him come out with his hands in the air, and he did so. His boots were somewhat scorched by the flames. Then they tied his hands behind his back and his ankles beneath the horse's belly, and took him back to town. Toward dusk he was lodged in the calaboose there, and Nick Russ, the deputy, went on guard outside.

About nine o'clock that night Bud Loupel came to the calaboose and asked if he could talk with Mills. Russ told him to go ahead. Bud asked permission to talk privately; and, though Russ was inclined to protest, he was at length persuaded. The deputy moved away from the little, one-room building, and Bud went inside. Mills was confined in a rude cell of two-by-four timbers. Bud approached these bars, and Jack came to meet him.

* * * *

LOUPEL was sweating faintly. "For God's sake, Jack," he whispered. "This is terrible!"

Mills grinned. "Well," he agreed, "it looks right critical to me."

"If Rand hadn't happened to get back ahead of time * * *. Hadn't come in right then * * *."

"You didn't happen to know he was coming, I don't reckon."

Loupel cried: "No, no, Jack. Honest to God!"

Mills nodded. "I know. I thought at first you did; but I reckon you wouldn't play it that low down. Is he—hurt much?"

"Oh, you got him."

"Yeah," said Mills. "Well, that's tough, too. When is it going to happen to me?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"They're right prompt, ain't they?"

Loupel gripped the stout timbers to stop the trembling of his hands. There was a terrible and pitiful anxiety in his voice. "Jack!" he whispered.

"Yeah?"

"Have you told?"

Mills turned his head away; he could not bear to look upon this old friend of his. "Why, no," he said, gently. "No, Bud, I ain't told. Don't aim to, if that helps any."

"But the money," Bud stammered. "The packages of bills. You couldn't get rid of them. When they find them, they'll know."

"They won't find them bundles," Jack Mills told him; and, while Bud could only stare with widening eyes, he cheerfully explained: "You see, I was cold for a spell. So I had me a little bonfire in that cave."

There was something hideous and craven in the relief that leaped into the eyes of Bud Loupel. Mills reached through the bars, caught the other's shoulder, shook him upright. "Take a brace, Bud," he said, gently. "Go on home."

Bud Loupel could not speak. He turned and went stumbling toward the door; he forgot so little a thing as shaking his pardner's hand in farewell. Jack watched him go; and as the other reached the door he called:

"Take care of Jeanie, Bud."

Loupel turned to look back, muttered a low assent, went on his way. Mills heard him speak to Russ as he departed. Then the deputy came to look in and make sure that the prisoner was still secure. He resumed his seat on a chair tipped against the wall, just outside the door.

Mills went back to the bench against the rear of his cell and rolled and smoked a cigarette. Then he lay down, one knee crossed above the other, and the man on guard heard him whistling.

Heard him whistling softly, between his teeth, a gay and gallant and triumphant little tune.

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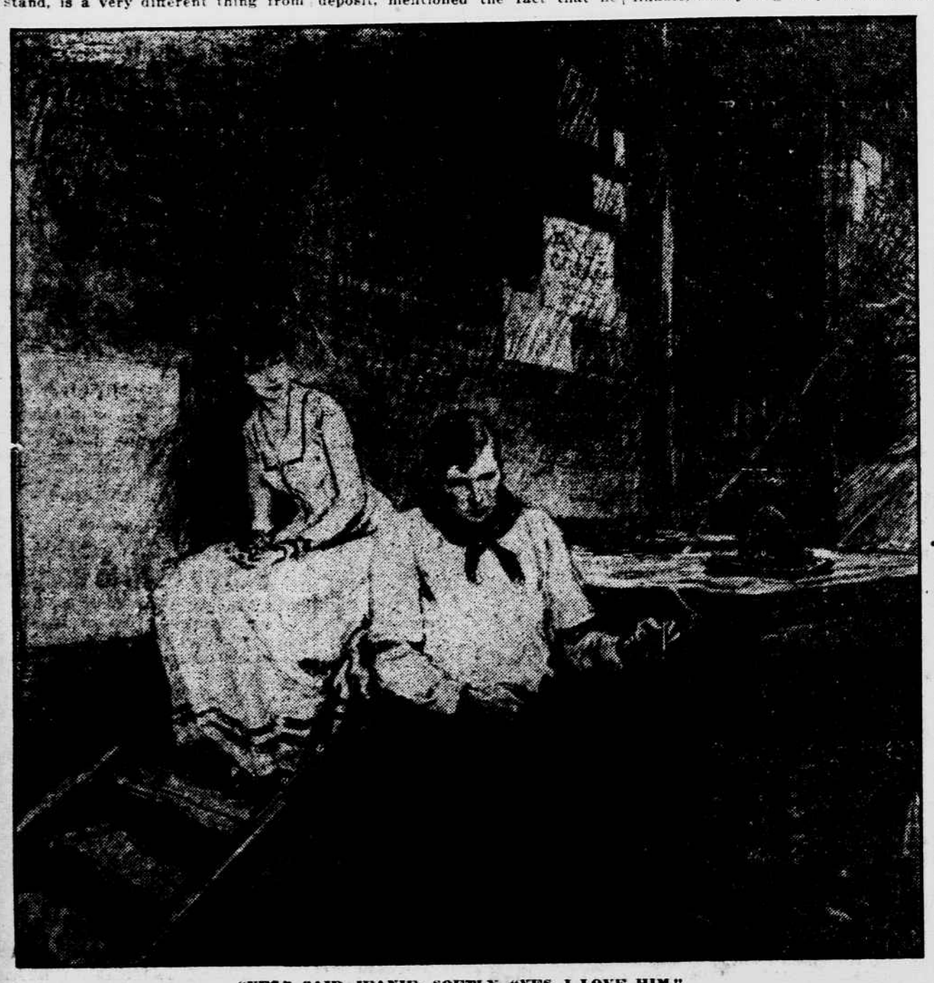

"YES," SAID JEANIE, SOFTLY, "YES, I LOVE HIM."

IN THIS CAVE THEY BROUGHT HIM TO BAY. "GOT A LITTLE WHILE," HE SAID. "FIREWORKS DON'T START RIGHT AWAY."

Traveling by Stage on the Washington-Baltimore Road

INCIDENT to about the year 1818, had we then been living, and resident of the territory adjacent the present Washington and Baltimore boulevard, we would have heard, "Ta, Ta, Ta, Taaa, Ar, Ta, Ar, Ar, A!" a shrill blast from the trumpet of the post driver, as a four-wheel rumbling stage coach, which served for mail, passengers and freight transportation, drew up with squeaking tight brakes, in the long shadow of a setting sun, to discharge its cargo at one of the quaint old taverns that had their place in the crude but romantic order of travel in those days—days a hundred years ago.

A trip from Baltimore to Washington was, in those times, an all-day journey and meant an early morning start, with several changes of horses en route, and this seeming speed was only attained in favorable weather and with good exertion.

TON & BALTIMORE TURNPIKE CO. CHARTER SEAL OF THE WASHING-

Contrast the splendor of a modern Pullman train or the equipment of a late model limousine with the ancient coach of yesterday, and we have the wonderful change that has been wrought in our mode of travel. As tiresome as those days of travel must have proven on occasion when already muddy roads were made almost impassable by driving snowstorms, rain and sleet, and tired horses were forced, under lash, to complete a trip, even those trying occasions had their compensation. One needs but a generous imagination to glean through the portals of time what took place at the quaint inns of yesterday. A holycon of mirth, cheer and happiness, when genial souls had chanced to meet, in travel along the highway; a cheery hearth fire, merry song and cheer were the wonted pleasure that greeted the rural traveler of by-gone days. Each one must fix for himself a picture of those romantic days. It was a brilliant moonlight night, extremely cold, the coach whirled rapidly over the frozen ground, the post boy smacked his whip incessantly and a part of the time his horses were on the gallop. "He knows where he is going," said a passenger, laughing, and he is eager to arrive in time for some of the merriment and good cheer of old Rossburgh Inn.

The coach was crowded both inside and out by passengers who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the homes of relatives. Three fine rosy-cheeked schoolboys were fellow passengers. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of pleasure of the little rogues and the feats they were going to perform during the week. They were under the guardianship of the coach driver who, by loud ejaculations, they pronounced one of the best fellows in the whole world. This "coachy" is always a person of mighty care and business, but particularly so during the holiday season. His full face is curiously mottled with red and he is usually swelled into jolly proportions by frequent draughts of malted liquors, while his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats in which he is buried like a fat head of cauliflower. They have a manner, an air of importance, as though the whole world awaited their coming and going. When off the box his hands are thrust deep in the pockets of his greatcoat, he rolls about the inn yard with the air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable boys and nameless hangers-on that are wont to infest the envirous of these quaint inns.

They all look up to the "coachy" as to an oracle, treasure up his cockney phrases, echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore and, above all, attempt to imitate his air and carriage. Every raggamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in his pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang and is a budding "coachey." In the meantime the village folks draw near to receive and hear read the treasured newspaper from some distant part, which has probably been a week or more in transit.

Compare this with the up-to-the-minute service of today, and we have the scene of the vivid contrast that has been wrought by time.

The Washington and Baltimore road first went into use in 1818, when the means of travel were on horseback or in the described regal coach of those almost legend days.

The following is an excerpt from the records of the Washington and Baltimore Turnpike Road Company, with a list of the original stockholders and officers of the company, to-wit:

"BALTIMORE, 12th January, 1829.

"At an adjourned meeting of the stockholders of the Washington and Baltimore Turnpike Road Company, held at their office in the city of Baltimore, on the second Monday in January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, for the purpose of deciding whether they will, or will not, increase the capital stock of said company in the manner provided in the act passed at December session, entitled 'An act to authorize the president, managers and company of the Washington and Baltimore turnpike road to construct a railroad from the city of Baltimore to the District of Columbia, in the direction of the city of Washington.'

"There were present the following stockholders in person or by proxy, and were respectively the owners of the number of shares and the amount of stock annexed to, and following their several names, to-wit:

	Shares.	
George Calvert	1,600	$80,000
Peter Hoffman	71	3,500
Charles Carroll of Carrollton	20	1,000
William D. McKim	164	8,200
John Savage	269	13,450
Thomas Compton	100	5,000
Richard Ross	86	4,300
George Baily	22	1,100
James Cox	20	1,000
Allen Dorsey	2	100
Maria S. Jonnson	22	1,100
John E. Howard	6	300
William Patterson	5	250
Richard Snowden	57	2,850
Robert Gilmor	3	150

It will be seen that this turnpike road was the forerunner of America's first steam railroad, and the stockholders even had this in view prior to the building of the Baltimore and Ohio, which parallels it.

The old stage coach is gone, nearly all the landmarks of those romantic days are lost to trace, yet there still stands Rossburgh Inn, which houses the Maryland experiment station, and when last winter the writer was there it were as though the ancient walls rang with the memories of those old stagers, for all the world is a stage, even now as then.

Keep the Flivver Going With Gas Made of Straw

(Continued from First Page.)

project with Prof. MacLaurin of the University of Saskatchewan, Saskkatoon, Canada. The university, in conjunction with the United States Department of Agriculture, exhibited a straw gas equipment at the exposition of chemical industries in New York city during the fall of 1918. This equipment was later purchased and improved by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Several valuable by-products are obtained in the manufacture of straw gas. Carbon residue suitable for manufacturing lamp black of exceptionally fine quality is one. This residue also contains certain amounts of potash, phosphates and nitrogeneous compounds, which give it fertilizing value.

The tar and ammoniacal liquids resulting from the process, aside from their value as disinfectants and preservatives, may prove useful in the dye industry. If the engineers succeed in perfecting the present apparatus and in reducing the cost of production there is no doubt that straw gas will have an important commercial future.

Until such time as Congress appropriates more funds for experimental work of this nature, further development will be somewhat slow on account of the money provided at the last session being practically exhausted at this time.

The big dream of these experimenters is to eventually make it possible for farmers to equip their places with a reasonable priced gas plant, from which they can generate gas on a scale sufficient to supply light and heat for the home and power for tractors and stationary engines.

To that class of pessimists known to the rest of humanity as "joy killers and doubting Thomases" an epochal effort of this kind will seem utterly unpractical and will probably be denounced as visionary and a waste of public money.

To others—the ones who dare and do—it will appear as something easy of accomplishment when compared with seemingly more perplexing problems that have been made practicable in the recent years of America's commercial progress.

Going upon the assumption that the Department of Agriculture will eventually solve all of the problems now confronting them, and evolve an economical plan for making gas from wheat, oat and rye straw, corn and cotton stalks, leaves and sugar cane refuse, the next interesting proposition, so far as the general public is concerned, is to know something about the quantities of these raw materials that would be available for such purpose.

The average annual production of straw in the United States is estimated at 120,000,000 tons. Of this total production it is conservatively estimated that about 55 per cent (64,708,000 tons) is fed to live stock, 15 per cent (17,613,000 tons) is burned, 8 per cent (9,212,000 tons) is sold and 22 per cent (26,221,000 tons) is plowed under or otherwise disposed of.

If the 17,613,000 tons of straw now burned each year could be converted into gas, the total production would reach the staggering sum of 211,356,000,000 cubic feet of gas. To get some idea of the possibilities of that amount of gas, just recall that it only takes 300 cubic feet to operate an auto roadster fifteen miles. At this ratio a roadster could cover 10,567,800,000 miles on one year's supply of straw gas. If the autoist were to travel in a straight line he would make 422,712 trips around the world.

The corn planted this year amounts to 103,648,000 acres. Corn stalks will average about two tons to the acre, thus making a total of 207,296,000 tons, or more than two trillion cubic feet of gas. That's such an enormous quantity that nothing short of a grizzled university professor of mathematics could figure how many times it would propel an auto around the world, or how many farms and farmhouses could be furnished with power and light.

Cotton stalks, of course, are much lighter than corn stalks, running about half a ton to the acre. The cotton planted this year totals 35,504,000 acres, making 17,752,000 tons. If converted into gas it would make 213,024,000,000 cubic feet.

In digesting all of these tremendous figures, just bear in mind that the present annual production of gasoline obtained from crude oil in this country is only a little more than four billion gallons.

"At Present Price of Coal, Be an Eskimo," Says Lardner

BY RING W. LARDNER.

TO THE EDITOR: The latest U. S. senses shows that they's 105 million people in this country and outskirts and about 20 ton of coal. Luckly they's several people that lives far enough south of the Mason N. Dickinson line os as to not need no coal and they's also a No. of hired girls and men in the plaster and carpenter trade and members of the White Sox that intends to spend the winter in Palm Beach. But that still leaves the Wall st. men and newspaper writers and etc., all they half to do is make themself a harpoon and go and set on the beach and keep lunging through the ice till they get one of the big fellows to nibble and even if they don't seem to fall for the bait, why you can't be hung for trying, as they say. People that hasn't no repairing rights or other kind of water on the premises can amuse themself throwing the old harpoon into the bath tub or wait till the January thaw and fish in the slush.

Another Eskimo habit is for 30 to 40 familys to live in the same house winter times so as they can cuddle up and keep warm, but personly I can't think of even ½ that No. of familys that I would want to be on cuddleing terms with them and vice versa.

"PRETTY NEAR ALL ESKIMOS, MALE AND FEMALE, IS FAT."

About the only other thing they is to imitate about the Eskies is their language and as they's hardly time now to master the real dialect why the best thing is to make up one of your own along the same lines and the principle pt. to remember is that they don't only use 1 word where we would use five and six to express the same thot if any.

For inst. where we would say, "Please pass the garlic," why a Eskie would just say, "Whew!"

Neighbors of mine who I have told them about this idear of being your own Eskimo has snapped at the idear like rolling off a duck's back and if the scheme works out like I think its libel to, why coal will be a drug store on the market and we will all have the laugh on Pat and Mike.

RING W. LARDNER.

Long's Island, November 5.

(Copyright, 1920.)

The Braggart.

"CHICAGOANS are terrific braggarts," said Secretary G. A. Cormack of the New York Yacht Club. "They brag especially hard when they come to New York.

"I motored a Chicagoan around New York the other day, and when we passed the Public Library he was rather impressed.

"'What do you call that?' he asked.

"'Libray,' said I. 'Took three years to build.'

"'Humph!' said the Chicagoan. 'I guess we'd have run her up in about three months.'

"The Grand Central station impressed him, too.

"'What's that, bo?' he said.

"'Grand Central station,' said I. 'Fine piece of work. Two years in the building.'

"'Two weeks would have finished her in Chicago,' said the braggart.

"After a while the Woolworth building hove in sight. The Chicagon caught his breath despite himself.

"'Gee!' he said; and then, 'Some building! How long to run her up, bo?'

"I glanced at the superb white masterpiece with pretended indifference.

"'Can't say,' I said. 'I didn't notice her here when I passed this morning.'"

It Was Easter, Too!

A CABINET officer said at a dinner, apropos of certain criticisms on his department:

"Politics—all politics. Nothing, not even woman, is as cruel as politics, and yet woman can be very cruel."

The Secretary then told a story about the cruelty of woman.

"One Easter Sunday," he said, "two ladies met on the Atlantic City Boardwalk with little outcries of surprise and joy.

"'Why, Mame!' said the older lady. 'How flattering this is!'

"'Flattering?' said the younger lady, with a perplexed air. 'How so?'

"'You haven't seen me,' said the older lady, 'for seventeen years—and yet you recognize me, so to speak, right off the bat. That means I haven't changed so dreadfully, doesn't it?'

"The younger lady gave a cold laugh.

"'Oh,' she said, 'you see, I recognized your bonnet.'"

The Mean Bridegroom.

BISHOP BENJAMIN BREWSTER said, at a wedding breakfast in Portland:

"The meanest man I ever heard of in my life was a Kansas farm hand. He rang a Kansas preacher up at 12 o'clock one night to marry him, and after the ceremony he said:

"'Well, parson, are we spliced now?'

"'Absolutely,' said the parson.

"'Spliced hard and fast?'

"'Nothing but death,' the parson said, 'can break the sacred tie which now binds you to this lady.'

"'You couldn't unsplice us again, parson, even if you wanted to?'

"'No; the ceremony I have performed is irrefragible and irrevocable.'

"'Then, parson, I'm goin' to stand you off for it,' said the farm hand, with a relieved look, and, taking his wife by the arm, he departed, never to return."

The Vegetarian.

"GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has been a vegetarian for thirty-six years," said an editor. "Shaw told me a vegetarian story the last time I visited him in London.

"He said he was walking in the Strand one day when a beggar held him up and asked for a little money to buy food, claiming he had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours. Shaw gave him a note to Frascati's for a full meal, and stopped in there the next day to pay the bill.

"'I sent a poor beggar here yesterday,' he said. 'What do I owe you?'

"'Seventeen and six, Mr. Shaw,' said the manager, with a smile.

"'Seventeen and six, eh? And what were the items?'

"'Eight beers,' said the manager, 'three whiskys, a pint of port, four cigars and a package of Virginia cigarettes. A true vegetarian like yourself, sir.'"

"BELGIUM COAL DEALERS PAT AND MIKE."